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Why Jack Burton Never Married.

('Friendly Greetings.')

'You won't marry me? Then your uncle will have you to thank for finding himself in prison.'

Ruth turned away, sick at heart. Since her father's death she and her mother had found a home with Ben Green, her mother's brother. Ruth, with her pretty face and good-nature, soon became a favorite among the neighbors, and two young men in particular had her frequently in their thoughts. Will Bevan was a well-built, good-looking young seaman, but without a penny to call his own. He had good abilities, but never seemed to get a chance to make the most of them. He was, moreover, as honest as the day, and really tried to live as a Christian should.

Jack Burton, on the other hand, was the son of a well-to-do farmer. The Burtons had come to the place as strangers, having bought an old manor house which stood at the top of the cliff, near Pebbleton, overlooking the sea—hence its name 'Overlook.' The owner of 'Overlook' was looked up to with envy by his poorer neighbors, and many a girl in the village would have been glad of Ruth's chance of one day becoming its mistress.

JACK BURTON WAS LYING AMID MASSES OF SOIL, UNABLE TO MOVE.

But Jack Burton did not find favor in Ruth's eyes. Both he and his father were known to be somewhat heavy drinkers; they attended no place of worship, making fun of those who did. While, to crown all, Jack Burton behaved as if Ruth would jump at the chance of becoming his wife, thereby setting her mind against him more strongly than ever.

Ruth's mother and uncle did their utmost to induce her to accept Burton. Ben Green was heavily in debt to Burton, and had in consequence been forced to aid the latter in some very shady affairs. Many a keg of spirits which had not paid duty had he helped to carry to 'Overlook.' He felt himself completely in Burton's power, but he had the young man's word that on the day of the latter's marriage with Ruth he would cancel all his debts to him. Ben Green therefore told Ruth plainly that, unless she consented to marry Burton, he would turn her and her mother out of doors.

But in spite of all, Ruth had made up her mind not to marry a man whom she knew to be godless, and who was in a fair way to become a drunkard. She knew that even the worldly prosperity of such men seldom lasts long, and she shrank from uniting her life with that of a man who scoffed at the God she tried to serve. Poor though he might be, Will Bevan had won her respect and affection, and she had made up her mind to marry no one else.

So when Jack Burton, in a condescending manner, one day offered her himself and a share of his goods, she decidedly refused him. At first he thought she misunderstood him, but when the matter became quite clear his anger knew no bounds, and he let fall words which frightened Ruth, though she did not understand them. But the girl held fast to her resolve.

Will Bevan was away on a voyage, and the cheering news had come home that at last he seemed to have set his foot on the ladder of success, having been appointed second mate.

But one day a terrific storm arose in the North Sea. The fishing smacks ran for their lives, but many of them foundered with all hands. One boat with three Pebbleton men in it was driven ashore a mile or two from home, and the crew set out to walk along the beach to let their friends know of their safety. Suddenly they were brought to a stop by a tremendous landslip. Tons of earth had fallen from the cliffs above, and lay blocking the way. 'Overlook!' said one of them, aghast.

It was but too true. In many parts of the east coast, where the cliffs are not protected by a sea wall, they become undermined by the sea, and fall. Buildings that once stood far inland are now at the edge of the cliff, while many have fallen with the earth on which they stood. Such a fate had now befallen 'Overlook.' The house itself had fallen; only some of the outbuildings at the back remained.

'Suppose the Burtons are buried in the rubbish?' asked the youngest of the men.

'If they are, we can do nothing to dig 'em out,' was the reply. 'Do you swarm up the cliff, Joe, and fetch help from the village—ropes, and such things. Our old bones will have a hard job to get to the top.'

Joe met a frightened crowd swarming out to where 'Overlook' had stood, Farmer Burton in their midst.

'Jack! my son! my son!' the latter was moaning. Search for the missing man was at once begun. For a time it was in vain, but at length Joe, peering over the cliff, heard a slight groan. Lowering himself by a rope, he found Jack Burton lying amid masses of soil, unable to move. Hastily returning, Joe told Farmer Burton that his son still lived; and then, with great difficulty, the wounded man was hauled up. He no longer had a home to which he could be taken, so he was carried to the nearest cottage—that of Ben Green.

There he lay for many weary weeks, and there, forgetting her dislike of him, Ruth herself nursed him back to health. Much of the property was gone for ever, though some of the stock had been saved. But, lying there in his helplessness, Jack Burton found that there were other things besides property worthy of a man's attention. The God whom he had slighted had spared his life, and brought him back from the very brink of the grave. Was he going to spend his future life as he had done his past, seeking nothing but his own pleasure?

He looked at Ruth as she moved quietly

about the room. How unselfishly she had tended him! What kind of life would she have had as his wife had he succeeded in bullying her into marrying him? As he saw himself as he had been he felt glad for her sake that she had stood firm.

For the first time in his life Jack Burton uttered a real prayer. 'God help me to be a better man!'

And that is a prayer that never goes unanswered. He who hungers and thirsts after righteousness shall be filled. Many a talk took place between Ruth and her patient, in which the latter learnt much. He longed, more than ever, to make her his wife, but he saw clearly that her affections were placed elsewhere, and he was now thoughtful enough not to distress her by renewing his proposal.

'We'll say no more about that little matter between us,' said Jack Burton to Ben Green, on the day on which he first left the house. 'Ruth has more than paid off your debt. She will marry a better man than I, but she has made a better man of me than I was. At least, I hope to be a better man, by God's help.'

The Burtons were no longer envied by their neighbors, but they were much more liked. Trial had done them both good, and the hard work which was now necessary kept them both healthily employed. Jack gave up drink altogether, and his father no longer drank to excess.

And what of Ruth? If you were now to ask Mrs. Will Bevan, wife of the first mate of a handsome vessel, she would tell you that there was not a happier woman in the country than herself.

A Monday Prayer.

Back to the shop, the factory, and the mill,
Thy workers go, O Lord! and it may be
That some have sorrows pressing heavily,
And some are burdened with foreboding ill;
And some, unmindful of thy holy will,
Gained not the rest provided yesterday;
And into sin some feet have gone astray,
And some hold labor in derision still.

Grant, therefore, Lord, that as we buyers go
Through factory or store or busy street.
With thoughtful words these laborers we may greet—
Mindful of grace for sin, of balm for woe;
Helping in kindness sluggard souls to see
The worth of labor and the dignity.

—Ann Temple, in 'S. S. Times.'

A Model Minister of Christ.

(The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D., in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

During all the earlier years of my ministry the two best thumbed books in my library were Bunyan's 'Pilgrim,' and the life of Robert Murry McCheyne, the youthful pastor of St. Peter's Church in Dundee. The life of McCheyne—which was Dr. Andrew A. Bonar's masterpiece—was published during my theological seminary days, and from that hour to this it has been a perpetual inspiration. Dr. Chalmer's biography was a gold mine; Dr. Norman McLeod's is brilliant with poetry and power, but rather too surcharged with hilarity. To spend an hour with Dr. Edward Payson, of Portland, is almost like sitting with Paul in his 'hired house' at Rome; but his seraphic piety was mournfully tinged by his morbid temperament. McCheyne's piety was eminently healthful, cheerful, and saintly without being sanctimonious. He dwelt during the nine years of his fruitful ministry far away from the damps that arise about Doubting Castle, and hard by the Beulah-land where the sunlight ever falls. Robertson, of Brighton, saddens me while he stimulates me; but the biography of McCheyne has a rare power to sober me when tempted to trifle, and to cheer me when tempted to despondency.

To the younger ministers who are coming on the stage it may be necessary to say, in brief, that Robert Murray McCheyne was the pastor of the Presbyterian church of St. Peter's in Dundee, and was called away to his crown a few weeks before the Disruption of the Scottish National Church in 1843. He entered the vineyard at twenty-one—hungry for the salvation of souls. After nine years of intense, earnest and untiring labor he was laid—amid the tears of thousands—in that tomb at the corner of his little church which has been visited by weeping thousands during the last half century. His parish was composed of the plain people; and the wife of a poor weaver told me that it did her 'more good just to see Mr. McCheyne walk up the aisle to his pulpit than to hear a sermon from another man.' His personality was a power; his life more eloquent than any discourse he ever delivered. To pray and to search the Word of God, to carry the hidden fire from house to house, to prepare the beaten oil for the sanctuary, to plead with dying men, and to allure to brighter worlds by the joyous up tread of his own heavenward march—these formed the varied yet unchanging employment of his fervid spirit. With what eager joy he leaped into the bosom of the Scriptures! No cavils of the critics ever disturbed his impregnable faith in the adamantine Word. 'When you write to me,' said he to a friend, 'tell me all you can about the meaning of Scriptures. One gem from that ocean is worth all the pebbles of earthly streams.'

Love of Jesus Christ was his master passion. His Saviour's work was his work; he never wearied and he never rested. Every hour he gave to his Master. The celebrated Dr. James Hamilton, of London, who was his intimate friend, once told me that McCheyne used to seal his letters with the device of a sun going down behind the mountains and the motto over it, 'The night cometh.' For souls he watched as the fisherman's wife trims her lamp in the window and watches for the storm-tossed and belated husband in the offing. He hoisted the light of Calvary; and like Spurgeon it was his life's joy to welcome the returning wanderers into the 'covert from the tempest.' In prayer he was mighty and prevailing wrestler. He prayed before he sat down to his studies; before he went out to visit the sick; before he entered his pulpit; he had what he called a 'scheme of prayer,' and he marked the names of missionaries on his map that he might pray for them in course and by name. Literally he walked with God. In writing to a friend, he said: 'Now remember that Moses, when he came down from the mount, wist not that the skin of his face all shone. Looking at our own shining face is the bane of the spiritual life and of the ministry. Oh for closest communion with God, till soul and body—head, face, and heart—shine with divine brilliancy; but oh, for a holy ignorance of our own shining!'

Six years ago I visited Dundee, and preached in the pulpit of St. Peter's Church. After the service the Provost of the city introduced me to one of the very few survivors of McCheyne's ministry. He was a gray-headed man of threescore and ten, and spoke of the pastor of his youth with the most reverent love. The chief thing that he remembered was that McCheyne, a few days before his death, met him in the street, and laying his hand on his shoulder, said to him kindly, 'Jamie, I hope that all is well with your soul. How is your sick sister? I am coming to see her again shortly.' That sentence or two had stuck to the old Christian for nearly half a century! McCheyne's hand was on the old man's shoulder yet. This little incident gave me a fresh insight into the secret of McCheyne's pastoral fidelity and personal power. I commend that incident to young ministers who underrate the work of a faithful pastor who keeps in touch with every member of his flock.

It is fifty-nine year ssince McCheyne was borne to his grave in Dundee. His fatal sickness was brought on by visiting the victims of a prevailing epidemic. During the wanderings of his mind, in the delirium of the fever, he kept repeating, 'O God! my people! my dear people! this whole place!' It was the ruling passion for souls—still stong in death. I am one of many hundreds of ministers who owe a debt of immeasurable gratitude to Robert Murray McCheyne, and I hope to thank him in heaven for many things. Among other things I thank him for once exclaiming, 'Go on, dear brother; only an inch of time remains, and then eternal ages roll on forever—only an inch on which we can stand and preach the way of salvation to perishing souls!' That is the message to every minister of Jesus Christ who reads this article.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Inquiry in Arabia — Faithful Witness.

In a recent article, telling of Mr. Forder's work among the Bedouins in Arabia, is the following incident, which seems to be an indication of an open door for the gospel in that land. 'One morning a party of men arrived, and Mr. Forder at once recognized them as coming from a place on the edge of the Arabian desert, which he had visited four years ago, and where he had distributed some Scriptures. They greeted him in a warm, hearty way, and said: "Hearing you were here, we have come to have a talk with you." Mr. Forder asked them what they wanted to talk about, and they replied: "You came to us once in our town, and told us of Jesus the Son of God how he died and became our Saviour. You gave us books, and we have read them and believe them. Now we want to fast, pray, and do as you do, and become Christians. We are tired of our own religion. We do not believe Mohammed was a prophet, and his religion does us no good." Much more they said, but they finished up by confessing that, "If we openly say we are Christians we shall be killed for so doing. Under this rule we have no freedom." Mr. Forder told them he was glad to hear them say what they did, but fasting and praying and joining a church did not make a man a Christian in the sight of God. Only faith in Jesus Christ as the Son of God and Saviour of the world made anyone a Christian. He sympathized with them in their difficult position, and did all he could to encourage and help them. They promised to go on reading the Bible, and went away saying, "We no longer believe as we used to. We believe in Jesus."'

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BOYS AND GIRLS

The Better Way.

'Tis better to laugh than to cry, dear,
A proverb you'll grant me is true;
'Tis better to forget to be sad, dear—
For heart's-ease is better than rue.

'Tis best to be glad for what is, dear,
Than to sigh for the things which are not;
'Tis better to reckon the joys, dear,
Than the troubles that fall to your lot.

'Tis more to be good than be great, dear;
To be happy is better than wise.
You'll find if you smile at the world, dear,
The world will smile back in your eyes.
—Helen L. Towne.

Do It Yourself, My Boy.

Why do you ask the teacher or some classmate to solve that hard problem? Do it yourself. You might as well let some one else eat your dinner as to 'do your sums' for you.

Do not ask the teacher to parse all the difficult words, or to assist you in the performance of any of your duties. Do it yourself. Do not ask for even a hint from anybody. Try again.

Every trial increases your ability, and you will finally succeed by dint of the very wisdom and strength gained in this effort, even if at first the problem is far beyond your skill. It is the study, not the answer, that really rewards your pains.

Look at that boy who has succeeded after six hours, perhaps, of hard study. How his eye is lit up with a proud joy as he marches to his class!

He recites like a conqueror, and well he may. His poor, weak schoolmate, who gave up that same problem after the first faint trial, now looks upon him as a superior. The problem lies there, a great gulf between those boys who stood yesterday side by side. They will never stand together as equals again.

The boy that did it for himself has taken a stride upward, and, what is better still, has gained strength for greater ones. The boy who waited to see others do it has lost both his strength and courage, and is already looking for some excuse to give up both school and study forever.—Albert N. Raub, in 'Success.'

That Pint of Beer.

Saul Orpington was, as everybody was ready to admit when questioned on the subject, 'not a bad fellow on the whole.'

But still he was far from being what the independent British workingman should be, and what every workingman might be, if he only chose.

He was rather given to drink, and, like too many of his order, improvident to the very verge of idiocy. So long as he had a shilling to-day, to-morrow was left to take care of itself.

People wondered what Jessie Lawrence could see in Saul that could induce her to consent to be his wife; and some of her friends were bitterly opposed to the match.

'Look at him,' they said. 'What is he? A good-for-nothing—a man who never put by a halfpenny in his life—an idle——'

'No, not idle,' remonstrated Jessie, firmly.

Well, they admitted that, not idle, certainly, but spending his wages as fast as he got them, a man who would never prosper or do well.

'Not if he is left alone, perhaps,' answered Jessie with a gentle smile; 'but with a good, true wife, such as, please God, I mean to be to him, there is hope; for I believe in his good heart and common-sense.'

So they were married; and Saul, rather shamefaced, introduced his wife to her future home.

'It is a poor, bare place, I fear me, lass,' he said, half apologetically, 'an' the furniture ain't what it should be; but wi' thy bright face in it, it'll be same as a palace to me, Jessie.'

Jessie smiled a flattered little smile, and she passed her pretty arm around her stalwart husband's neck.

'Yes, dear,' she said, 'I'm sure you love me very much. But while you're in such a good temper, Saul, I want you to promise me something.'

"Tis thine before I know what it is,' replied the young husband. Come, lass, speak up!'

'I want you to allow me two half-pints of ale a day,' said Jessie, blushing a bit.

Saul's face fell.

Though he drank himself, perfect abstinence in his wife was what he hoped for, nay, almost expected.

'Thou shalt have it,' he said at last with a deep sigh.

The young couple soon fell into the regular jog-trot of married life; and little change was observable in Saul Orpington's habits. He still wasted his hardly-got earnings on selfish and profitless indulgence.

But he kept his word, and his wife regularly had her pint of beer a day, or at any rate the money for it.

So the time passed on, and the anniversary of their wedding day came round.

Jessie said nothing to show she thought the day more worthy of notice than any of its fellows in the weeks which were gone.

But Saul fidgeted about the house, and at last burst out:

'Dost thou know what day it is, Jessie, lass?'

'Why, yes, of course,' she answered, 'our wedding anniversary to be sure.'

'That it is,' said Saul, 'and if I'd got a farthing in my pocket we wouldn't let it pass wi'out celebrating it like. We'd take a trip to see thy mother.'

A happy tear shone in the wife's eye.

'Oh, Saul! how kind, how thoughtful of you!' she answered, warmly. 'And would you really and truly like to go and see mother?'

'Wouldn't I!' grinned Saul. 'But there can be no holiday, because there's no——'

'No money; but how if I was to stand treat, Saul?'

Saul only stared.

'Come, come,' he exclaimed. 'Thee stand treat, indeed! Now is it likely?'

'Not very, one would think,' the little woman replied, with an amused twinkle in her eyes. 'But yet I can do what I say.'

Jessie smiled mischievously.

'How?' cried Saul with an open mouth, 'hast found a buried treasure? What hast got wench?'

'That pint of beer,' she answered.

Saul didn't comprehend.

'Pint o' what?' he murmured.

'That pint of beer you've allowed me every day for the last year.'

'And how's that to pay for our jaunt?' inquired Saul, still mystified.

'I'll show you.'

And going to the bureau, Jessie produced from one of its drawers a little book, in which neat rows of figures met the eye on almost every page.

'This is the Savings Bank pass-book,' said she, 'and in it is entered money which amounts to three hundred and sixty-five threepences. Every day I saved the beer three-pence; and on Saturday I regularly took one and ninepence to the bank.'

'And the total sum is——'

'Exactly £4 4s. 6d.,' replied the beaming Jessie. Now, acknowledge that I can stand treat, Saul?'

The husband kissed her affectionately; and then he bowed his head on his hand, while a wave of self-contempt rushed over him.

Presently he raised his eyes.

'And you, my brave lass, could do this,' he said, 'by denying yourself a glass or so o' beer a day; while I—Oh! the money I've wasted, Jessie. But it shall be different now. I'll drop the drink and other bad habits; and if one can do so much in the saving line wi'out ever a fair chance, we'll see what two can do when they give their minds to it.'

Saul was not deficient in resolution; and he stuck firmly to his word. When next his wife visited the Savings Bank he accompanied her, and their deposite amounted to over twelve shillings—the savings of a week under the new regime.

It is with serenity that Saul looks forward to the future now, for he knows that if he only perseveres, biting want can never approach him.—'Good Templar's Watchword.'

Definition of a Pilgrim.

A good story is told of one of His Majesty's inspectors of mid-England. Examining a school on one occasion, Mr. K—— inquired, 'What is a pilgrim?'

After a pause a sturdy little imp boldly answered, 'A pilgrim is a man, ple's sir.'

'A man?' returned the inspector, severely. 'That won't do. Tell me some more about a pilgrim.'

Another pause, broken by the inspector this time. 'I'm a man, you know,' he said, rashly; 'am I a pilgrim?'

Here followed a pause, but the prompt rejoinder: 'Oh, no, sir; a pilgrim's a good man, sir.'

It was rather the bystanders, than the questioner or the questioned, who did not know which way to look.—The Australian 'Christian World.'

He Began at Home.

A great many boys no sooner leave school than they begin to hunger for the great world outside. Home becomes distasteful, ordinary tasks tedious, and the freshest, most active period of the young fellow's life is wasted in reaching forward to a greater future or in vain regrets. Not so the man who succeeds, wherever his post may be.

A young man who had been born and brought up in a New England country town began to prepare for college and decided that after his college course he would go to the Pacific States and begin life in the spirit of a pioneer.

During his two years of preparation for college he was the most active member of his own church—which was declining in numbers, owing to the removal of many families to the city—and of the Millage Improvement Society, which had become a social feature of the town. Through his efforts the church was repaired, and its lawn and churchyard beautified. He marked historic places on the old roads, and set up new guide-posts. He secured a drinking fountain for the public square, gave en-

tertainments in the poorhouse, and set out an orchard on the old home farm.

An old farmer, with crumbling buildings and sinking walls, met the young man one day under the cool village elms, and said to him, 'They tell me that you are going to college.'

'I hope to go.'

'And then out West?'

'Yes; that is my purpose.'

'Then, if you are going away to leave us all, what makes you take so much interest in these affairs of the old town? What you are doin' will never do you any good, and we may all be gone if you should ever come back again.'

'I think we ought to try to be of some service in the community in which we live, said the young man. 'All places are endeared to us where we have tried to do good. They make pleasant memories. I am sure if I have done anything for the benefit of the old town I shall not regret it.'

This young man graduated well, and went to the Pacific slope. He succeeded in life. With his good sense and eager, unselfish spirit, it could hardly be otherwise. He became Mayor of a young city, was sent to Congress, and did much for the development of his own State. It was success organizing in his soul that prompted him to secure the fountain for the square in the old, elm-shaded New England town. Seeing what ought to be done, and then doing it, is the way that success begins.—'The Well-spring.'

A True Gentleman.

'Watch that boy, now,' said Phil.

'Which boy?' said Ned.

'That boy who was at play with us down on the sand. His name is Will. He knows how to look out for himself, does he not?'

Phil and Ned, with their parents, had been spending some time at the seaside. Will was a boy who had come to pass the evening in the parlor of the boarding house. Here it was that Phil and Ned saw Will taking pains to find a good place.

First, he had noticed a large book full of pictures on the table. After looking at it for a few moments he had hunted out a large easy chair, and was tugging at it to get it to the table.

'There. He's got it squared round just to suit him,' laughed Ned.

'Now he's moving the lamp nearer it,' said Phil.

'And—well, if I never? If he is not putting a footstool before it. I suppose he is all ready to enjoy it.'

It was plain that Will was. With a pleased look he gazed around the room until he caught sight of a lady who was standing. he darted towards her, and said:

'Come, mother, I have a nice place for you.'

He led her to the chair and settled the stool at her feet as she sat down.

Phil and Ned looked a little foolish. Presently Phil sprang out of his chair as his mother came near.

'Mother, take my chair,' he said.

Ned stepped quickly to pick up a handkerchief which a lady had dropped, and returned it with a bow.

They are wise boys who profit by a graceful lesson given by a true gentleman.—Selected.

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is Sept., it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Saved by a Bear.

Ignaus, an Arctic mail carrier, whose six dogs died in one night from some poison in frozen fish which was part of his supplies, was a hundred miles from a trading post and the cold forty degrees below zero.

Broken-hearted after his dogs, the poor fellow would have given up and died had he not a wife and little babe awaiting him at the end of his route, but even the thought of those who were dear to him failed sometimes to keep his mind from wandering.

Before he had the variation of talking to his dogs, who seemed almost human. Now, no sound, except the cracking of the ice; no sight but snow, snow, snow, in great stretches of dazzling whiteness; its crisp crust, many feet thick, seemed as solid as a glacier.

At last the poor fellow felt that he could not bear it any longer. He had lightened the load on his sledge and drew it after him day by day, and slept in his fur bag on it at night.

He cried to the great Father in agony of pleading, 'Oh, leave me not alone so long; send one, oh, send some one, or I die.'

Once more at night he lay down in his fur bag and slept. But what was this pushing him over? Ignaus opened his eyes, and there stood before him a great bear. Evidently, the brute was curious; he had never seen anything like this before. Strangely enough, Ignaus was not frightened. He rose and fed the bear with frozen fish from the sledge; the creature acted like a great wild dog, and when satisfied lay down on his side, while Ignaus satisfied his own hunger; then when he started on his walking again, the bear trotted beside him.

Surely the great Father sent him, thought Ignaus. At night again he fed the bear, and the two lay down side by side, the warmth of the great shaggy brute putting new life into Ignaus.

When within five miles of the trading post, suddenly the bear turned toward a great forest in the distance, and Ignaus saw him no more.

When he reached the post, the president, when he heard how Ignaus had come across the vast solitudes of ice and snow without his dogs, said, 'He is the bravest man of the north; surely the good God sent the bear to save his reason.'—'Home Guard.'

The Mystery of Sandycreek.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

(The Rev. F. Docker, in 'Alliance News.')

The Tolmarshes were regarded by the people of the little village of Fairfield as a bad lot. They were not far wrong in their unfavorable judgment, for the inherited vices of generations seemed to run in the blood of successive members of the family.

At one time the Tolmarshes had been a family of importance in the county, and the effigies of some of them lay docked in stony trance in the ancient parish church.

Little property remained for the last heir, young Howard, to inherit, for the splendid estate had been lost by gambling and drinking.

Unfortunately young Howard Tolmarsh inherited the family vices, and was a notorious drunkard.

A great moral and spiritual change passed over him, however, largely owing to the influence which the squire's beautiful daughter, Kate, had exerted upon him.

A Gospel Temperance mission had been held in Fairfield, and Miss Barrowdale had taken a leading part in it, visiting the people and giving invitations, as well as singing solos in the tent erected on the village green, in which the meetings had been held.

She had a slight acquaintance with young Tolmarsh, and she pressed him to attend.

'Are you going to sing, Miss Barrowdale?' Tolmarsh asked laughingly.

She intimated that she was.

'Oh, then, I'll come.'

Tolmarsh went to the meeting, and from that night he was a changed man. He became something stronger. Tolmarsh feared to declare his love for the squire's beautiful daughter, for what had he to offer her?

At length he determined, as an honorable man, to acquaint Squire Barrowdale of his affection for his daughter, and the fact that she had accepted his suit. He felt that his religion demanded such an honorable course of action.

Accordingly, he visited Kate's father, and made a clean breast of the whole matter.

Squire Barrowdale had very little sympathy for his daughter's religion, and while he did not prevent her taking an active part in the revival that was going on in the village, he regarded it with little favor. The squire held shares in a large brewery concern, which was the real cause of his opposition.

He had heard of young Tolmarsh's conversion, and he exclaimed, coldly—

'I'll give him a month. It won't last.'

When the young man approached him with his story of his love for his daughter, Barrowdale received him coldly.

'What have you to offer my daughter, Mr. Tolmarsh?' he asked.

'Nothing, sir,' was the candid reply; 'but I can work.'

'And you think it the part of an honorable man to encourage the affection of an inexperienced girl, sir?' demanded Mr. Barrowdale.

'You are right, sir,' replied Tolmarsh, his eyes fixed in the ground. 'I ought not to have harbored such a thought, considering what my past has been,' and something like a sob escaped his quivering lips.

'I have not usually found that fanatical teetotalers are strong on the point of honor,' sneered the old man.

'Will you grant me a favor, sir?' Tolmarsh asked. 'If I should be able to win a position worthy of your daughter, will you then grant me your daughter's hand?'

Despite his cold exterior, the squire had a great love for his child, and he would not willingly give her pain, so he replied, after some time of silence—

'If such a thing would be conducive to my child's happiness I do not say I would not reconsider my present decision.'

Tolmarsh was glad even of this concession, though he felt how reluctant the very people who had pulled him down by their interest in the drink traffic were to help him to rise when he was tired of the swine trough.

Soon after this interview with the squire, Tolmarsh set sail for Australia, in the hope of winning a competency there.

Fortune smiled upon him, and in about six years he was able to return to claim the hand of Kate.

He returned home an even more manly man than when he had left the Old Country, and the possessor of substantial wealth.

The means by which he had made his fortune so quickly were easy enough of explanation.

He had entered into partnership with an old settler in the gold fields, in Western Australia,

and they had purchased a claim and dug for gold.

For five weary years they had toiled hard, and the claim had yielded little or nothing. Then came a strange experience. Tolmarsh's partner, an old man named Peter Pearson, mysteriously disappeared from the workings.

Tolmarsh, who appeared to have become deeply attached to him, made diligent search for him, but all to no purpose. He had disappeared as mysteriously as if he had melted into vapor.

Time went on, and Tolmarsh continued to work the claim, and almost immediately after the old man's disappearance the mine began to yield a splendid output. It was evident that the young man had struck a rich vein.

Tolmarsh's fortune seemed doubled, for only a little while before his disappearance Peter, who had no relations, had given his companion the sole right to his claim in the event of his death.

Tolmarsh went on working, and making inquiries amongst the men of the camp, to whom he expressed himself as eager to find his old companion. It was a moment of sweetest rapture when Kate greeted her lover with the love light of her sweet smile, and the confidence that nothing could now separate them from each other.

Her father could not go back upon his word, for Howard Tolmarsh had more than fulfilled the stipulations he had laid down for winning his daughter's hand. Six years of honest toil proved that he had sloughed off the old evil habits, and was established in a new life, while he had also earned a competency. So he freely gave his consent to his daughter's union with this representative of what had once been a respectable family.

Only a few days remained before the happy event would be consumamted. Howard was busily engaged in making preparations, and he and his betrothed had driven over to a town some few miles distance from Fairfield.

On the way Kate remarked upon a vehicle which she had noticed following that in which they rode, but keeping all along the road at an even distance from them.

The dog-cart contained two men, and as Tolmarsh turned to look at them he remarked, casually, 'I have no idea who they may be, but I have lately noticed either one or the other of them about the village. Fairfield doesn't often have visitors, but these gentlemen, I believe, have taken up their quarters at the hotel.'

Tolmarsh thought no more about the matter, and they returned to his fiancee's home.

Kate had alighted from the dog-cart, and had gone into the horse, while Tolmarsh was giving directions to the groom. At that momen the two gentlemen, whom Tolmarsh had seen following them, stepped up to him, and one of them, laying his hand on his arm, said —'I hold a warrant for your arrest, Howard Tolmarsh.'

Tolmarsh looked at him incredulously, and exclaimed—'A warrant for my arrest, my man. You are mistaken!'

'No, here it is!' answered the man, doggedly, at the same time presenting the document which he commenced to read. The purport of it was that he, Howard Tolmarsh, was charged with having murdered one Peter Pearson on or about Sept. 18, 18—, at Sandycreek, South Australia.

'Murdered Peter Pearson!' exclaimed Howard, with a mocking laugh, and was about to say more when the officers of the law administered the usual caution that what he said might be used in evidence against him.

The first feeling of the bewildered man was one of indignation, but he saw that was useless, and so he requested that he might be permitted to soften the blow for Kate by sending her word that urgent business would detain him for a time, and so he sent a message to her to that effect by the groom.

Tolmarsh was at once driven to the county town some few miles distance, and lodged in prison, previous to his removal to Australia for trial.

The young man was confident of easily clearing himself from the suspicion that rested upon him.

Squire Barrowdale visited him in prison, at his request, and listened to the charge made against him.

'And you say that Pearson left you his share of the claim in the event of his death?'

Tolmarsh assented.

'Singular!' said the old gentleman. 'A most unfortunate coincidence!'

'But you don't suspect me of having committed this—this devilish crime, do you, sir?' demanded Tolmarsh, hotly, and the indignant blood mounted to his brows.

'I was not aware of having said that I suspected you of anything, Mr. Tolmarsh,' answered the old man, coldly. 'Only, in the case of your being put upon your trial it would supply a motive for such a crime;' and the squire turned his cold, searching grey eyes full upon the young man's face.

'Good heavens!' exclaimed Tolmarsh, leaping to his feet. 'I thought the story was too impossible for anyone to believe, least of all you, sir.'

Mr. Barrowdale was easily persuaded to believe that Tolmarsh was guilty. He called himself a fool for having permitted himself to believe in the young man's reformation.

'No, no,' he exclaimed, 'such a man cannot reform. Can the leopard change its spots?'

'My child,' he said to his daughter, 'forget him. He has basely betrayed you,' and the broken-hearted girl bowed her head in anguish.

'But, papa,' she murmured, 'the court of law has not convicted him. May he not be innocent? I know him as you do not, and his very tones were sincerity itself.'

'Child,' said the old man, sternly, 'you do not know how black the world can be, nor how the devil can transform himself into an angel of light. You are innocent of its sin.'

Kate was not permitted to see her lover again, and he was taken to Australia for trial. The result of the trial of Tolmarsh, on suspicion of having murdered Pearson, was not of a satisfactory character.

The jury did not feel the evidence strong enough for a conviction, though they had little moral doubt but what he had committed the murder.

There were one or two links missing in the chain of evidence, but the general verdict of the people was that, if even a man richly deserved hanging, Tolmarsh did, and he had only escaped by the devil's good fortune that seemed to have come to his help, as it used to be believed good fortune came to a man who had sold himself to the devil.

After the trial Tolmarsh escaped as far as possibly from the haunts of his fellow men, and he went into the bush to live its wild life.

Still, the reformation had been so thorough that though all seemed lost to him he did not return to his old evil habits.

One day a stranger came into the camp in which Tolmarsh was living. Tolmarsh sat apart from the rest of the fellows, in moody silence, and the men were grouped round the camp fire, talking together.

Suddenly a word fell on the young man's ears, recalling him to himself. The stranger was saying: 'That Sandycreek affair was about the biggest mystery I ever knew. But it's cleared up.'

Every other sense in Tolmarsh's being was lost in that of hearing.

'Yes,' the stranger went on, 'they have discovered Pearson's body, and it is proved he died a perfectly natural death; he wasn't murdered at all. It's this way. It seems Pearson had been subject to a sort of epileptic fits, and he lost himself at times, and so he seems to have wandered into the bush, which, you know, was close to Sandycreek, and heaven help the man that wanders into the bush, even with his seven senses, let alone when he's half daft. They've identified the body by his watch and some papers on his clothes, and now they want the chap that was said to have murdered him. Poor fellow, they're full of pity for him now, though it's precious little he got when he was suspected of the murder. But that's about the way of the world. It's a wonder they didn't hang him. I've been told by some of the fellows that were on the jury that they were within an ace of doing so, the case looked so black against him.'

Tolmarsh emerged from the shadows in which he had been hidden, and stood in the light of the fire, his whole frame vibrating with excitement.

'Tell me what you know, man,' he whispered, in a thick voice, and the men half rose from their seats, thinking that Tolmarsh was suddenly bereft of his senses, for his aspect was like that of a man who had lost his reason.

The man again related the story.

'I am Tolmarsh,' that gentleman exclaimed, when the stranger had finished.

'You're Tolmarsh!' answered the stranger. 'Then I'm in luck's way, friend, for there's a reward of £500 on you. 'Tain't exactly like that on the head of Tim Kelly, the outlaw; but it's offered by a gentleman in England—I forget his name—for anybody that can give information concerning you; but here it is, and he drew from his pocket a greasy cutting from a newspaper. Barrowdale, that's it; do you know anybody of that name?'

Tolmarsh sat down, overpowered with emotion, and sobbed like a child for answer.

Six months after the wedding bells in the tower of Fairfield Parish Church were ringing with delicious joy, and the mystery of Sandycreek was cleared up, amidst the light of bridal festivities, and Howard Tolmarsh never regretted that by the help of God he had been able to keep true to his temperance pledge all through the dark days of trial.

Girl Life in a Mill Town.

When Ellen was ten years old, she was badly burned in the legs by an accident with a lamp, and she has never walked since.

I asked her if she ever went outdoors.

'Oh, no,' she said, pleasantly. 'Sometimes, when it's very hot, I get downstairs to the back door. I've never been down street. I've never seen the town. I wish I could see what Main Street is like. I was only ten years old when I was burned, and I'd hardly ever been down street before that time.'

I asked her if she could go to drive if I came for her with a carriage.

'I haven't any clothes of my own,' she said, 'but I could wear my sister's things.'

The mother showed no especial interest when I told her that I was coming to take her crippled daughter out. When she was all dressed for her little journey, the driver took her in his arms and placed her in the open phaeton.

It was a shabby little town through which

we drove, but in it Ellen saw the kingdoms of this world and the glory thereof.

'I don't know how to thank you for your kindness,' she said gently, as she found we were finally returning to the tenement house which she called her home.

It seemed cruel to take her back. The driver lifted her with added tenderness out of the carriage, and insisted on carrying her up the outer steps into the house.

Ellen called out good-by and waved a timid farewell from the stairs, and I scarcely noted the mother's face or voice, for the girl's eyes were shining as I think I never saw any other human eyes shine.—Lillie B. Chace Wyman, in the 'Atlantic.'

Youthful Duty.

Duty, like a strict preceptor,
Sometimes frowns or seems to frown;
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,
While youth's roses are thy crown.

Grasp it—if thou shrink and tremble,
Fairest damsel of the green,
Thou wilt lack the only symbol
That proclaims a genuine queen;

And insure those palms of honor
Which selected spirits wear,
Bending low before the honor,
Lord of heaven's unchanging year.
—William Wordsworth.

A Window Out.

(Ruth, in the 'Michigan Advocate.')

(Concluded.)

Her talk was of the children of that far-off country. She spoke of how few pleasures they had—told how much they suffered, especially if they were not well and strong, and how they were made old by care and trouble while they were yet children. Then, too, she told of the privations, not only of the native children, but also of the children of the missionaries. She spoke of her own experience—how she had not deemed it a cross to give up the pleasures and comforts of the home-land herself, but how hard it was to deprive her children of the advantages of this country. She told many, many instances in her own work, at some of which the audience laughed, but at many of which they could only weep. Then she made a strong appeal for the help they so much needed, and told them in how many ways this help could be given.

As for Agnes, she had never been so much moved, and a great longing to have some part in this work took hold of her. The result we shall see. During the slow walk home with her little sister she laid many plans, and that very night after supper she began to carry them out.

When the children asked for a story she answered cheerfully, 'Yes, I have a lovely one. Come over on the couch and I will tell you.' Then when they were comfortably seated she began repeating some of the incidents to which she had listened in the afternoon. Agnes had a real gift at story telling, and the children were very attentive and asked many questions. And not the little ones only, but papa laid down his paper and listened, and Anna's algebra was much neglected.

'But how can we help?' asked Frank. 'You said we all could, but I don't see how.'

'I do,' said Fred. 'Will Bangs has offered me fifty cents a week if I'll carry part of his papers, and I'll give every bit of it. That'll be 's much as ten dollars by Christmas, won't it, Aggie?'

'It would be quite a sum, surely,' returned the elder sister, 'but don't you want to hear my plan now?'

'Oh, yes, yes!' 'What is it?' 'Do tell us, Aggie,' the children shouted at once.

'Well, I have two plans,' began Agnes. 'By one we shall get some money to help send some missionary to teach these children, and by the other we shall make some pretty things to send them that I'm sure will please them very much. You know they do not have as many nice things to play with or as pretty things to look at as we do here. Well, I think May and I can make some scrap-books—we have so many picture cards and May likes to paste, you know.' They all laughed here, for not long ago when a man was there papering, May had amused herself a long time by scraping paste from the kettle and pasting 'pitty pictures' all over the kitchen stove.

'And then,' Agnes continued, 'you boys make such pretty toys with your box of tools. I'm sure those poor little children would enjoy some of those funny little waggons and the chairs and bedsteads you make. What do you think of that?'

'Oh, goody! It'll be as much fun for us as for them,' said Fred.

'Of course it will,' Agnes answered, 'for I know some little folks who are always wondering what to do when the evenings get long.'

'I think I might have some of the fun, too,' said Anna. 'You are leaving me out as if I was a heathen myself.'

'Wait and see,' returned Agnes. 'I have a special plan for you.'

'But how are we going to get the money?' asked Frank.

'Well, I suppose we cannot give much money, for none of us have much, but we each have a little. Then, too, we each have some bad habit or naughty way we want to stop. Suppose we each put some money in this,' showing them a little square box with a slot in the top, 'every time we do that particular thing. We must each decide for ourselves what this worst fault is.'

There was a few minutes' silence when baby May said, 'I 'spose mine 's tearing my clothes, isn't it?'

'I guess your's isn't anything,' said Frank, petting the curly head.

'Whew!' ejaculated Fred, 'we kids won't have any money very long if we put some in every time we quarrel.'

'No, we'll both have to carry papers or do something,' said Frank.

Agnes smiled at the eager faces. 'And some of my money must go every time I speak impatiently to you, dears,' she said.

'Is the penalty for forgetting very large?' asked Anna. 'That is my very worst fault, isn't it?'

'Just as you say,' returned Agnes, kissing her.

'Then papa must increase my allowance,' she laughed.

'It is time for little folks to be in bed now,' said Agnes rising. 'We shall see how our plans will work.'

'Perhaps we'll get to loving the heathen so well we'll try to be naughty,' said mischievous Frank.

'We shall have plenty of time to think up another plan by the time our bad habits are broken, I guess,' said Agnes laughing. 'Now, let's see who can get upstairs first,' and off they all ran.

An hour later, when Agnes said good-night to papa, he put his arm around her and asked huskily, 'And when must papa help fill the missionary box?'

Agnes hesitated. It would seem like reproving him to speak of it, and yet, she really thought, 'maybe he didn't even know it was a fault,' so she said bravely:

'Perhaps it would better be when you sit a whole evening and don't talk to us.'

'Perhaps it had,' said he, kissing her.

Three months later Mrs. Chester received a package containing several picture books, and some pretty and ingeniously made toys, two dolls, whose dainty wardrobe had been formed by Anna's deft hands, and several dollars in money. Accompanying it was the following note:—

Dear Mrs. Chester,—Your letter, saying that the ladies of our society were going to send the box to Corea next week, was just received, and I send these things the children and Anna and I have been making. We have enjoyed working for it so much, and, as May says, 'It has helped us to be good.' The children are never tired of my telling or reading missionary stories to them, and as for myself, nothing has ever helped me to bear the grief and discouragement I often feel as this taking the whole world into my thought. My life seemed so narrow and hemmed in before, I wanted to look beyond it and see the brightness in the world outside. But this new interest has proved a window out, where, looking on the darkness beyond, I have been brought to see the brightness in my own life. As long as I live I want to help send the light to all those poor people across the sea.

Your loving friend,

AGNES WESTLAND.

Uninsured Treasures.

It is startling to think that, while almost any tradesman's shop that might be burned down is covered by insurance, the British Museum, if it were burned down to-morrow, would not cost the insurance companies one halfpenny. Neither would the Houses of Parliament. They stand for three millions sterling, but not one single sovereign of this vast sum is covered by insurance. Three thousand pounds a year is spent on a force of police and firemen to protect the houses of Parliament by day and night, and the British Museum pays the rent of a fireman's house in Coram Street, but that is the full cost of the precautions against fire in these places. The British Museum, believing that prevention is better than cure, has no artificial light on its innermost recesses.—'St. James's Gazette.'

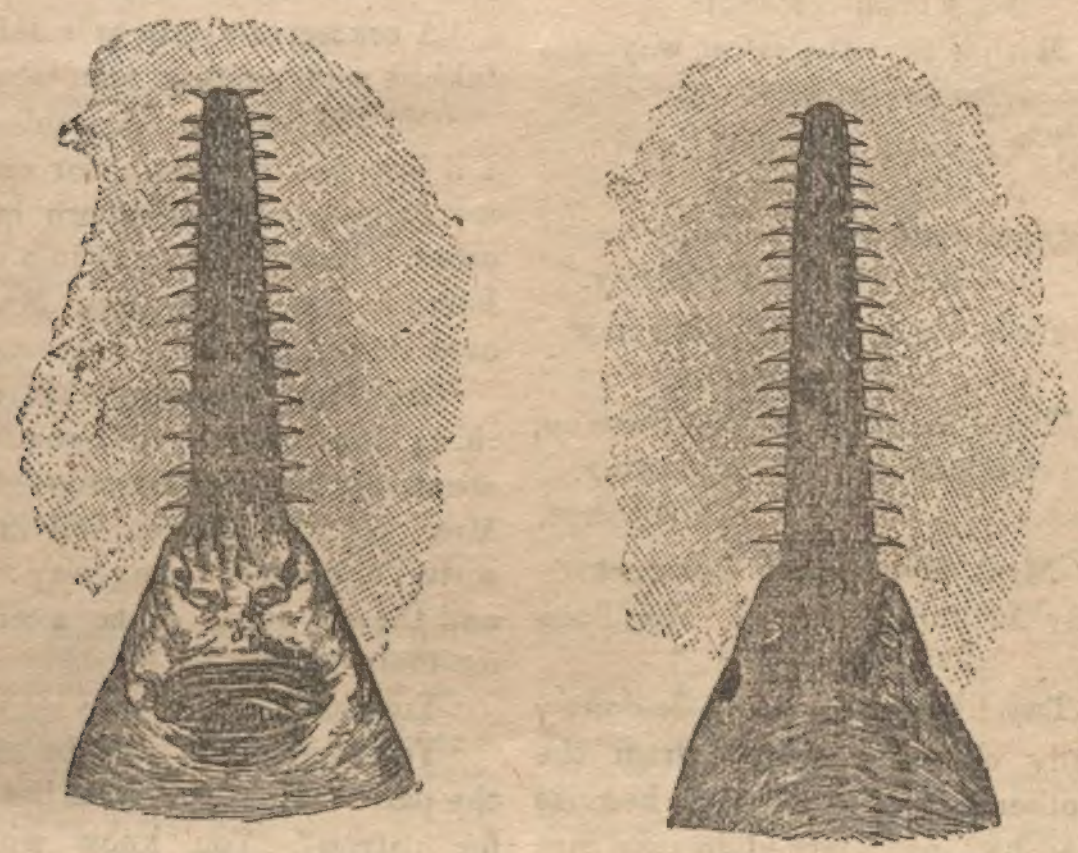
Punning on Sacred Themes.

Do not indulge in parody of favorite and familiar hymns. Do not practice or encourage punning on texts of scripture. Punning is the cheapest kind of wit. Besides, a hymn once stained by parody can never be restored to its original whiteness; it bears ever after the wrinkle and soil of parody. If it is called up in the most sacred company, or on the most solemn occasion, it will come as the clown or the court fool in cap and bells. The text which came as a cup of nectar to your lips, once laden with the pun's low wit, henceforth brings but the stale beer of the wayside booth. You will not hate, but you will test your grace in forgiving the thoughtless triviality which with pun or parody has spoiled for you a verse of sacred song or holy writ. For holy use it must be pure and unsoiled. A single spot or stain on the linen ephod unfits it for temple service. The sacred word must be free from low associations. Keep temple service and sacred ritual free from earthly soil.—'Zion's Herald.'

The Head of the Saw-Fish.

This curious fish is an inhabitant of tropical and subtropical waters, and is often found in the Mediterranean.

Some specimens attain an enormous size, measuring from eighteen to twenty-two feet in length. The



upper jaw of this fish is prolonged into a flattened bony snout, forming a saw, armed at each edge with about twenty large bony spines or teeth, sharp, and are regularly spaced.

An interesting detail of an encounter with a saw-fish is given by a French observer, M. Chapellier, who saw in a little bay at the inlet of the river Mahara an enormous fish struggling on the top of the water. Several bullets were lodged in its body by the men who were trying to catch it. At length they had to get a small boat in order to tow it ashore. Unfortunately the efforts of twenty men could not hoist it out of the water. M. Chapellier measured the creature, its length being sixteen feet, the weight ninety-four stone. With much trouble he also took a photograph of the head, with its formidable saw, from which our pictures were made.—'The Child's Companion.'

Only An Egg.

(By Charles McIlvaine, in 'Australian Spectator').

If a hen's fresh egg is put into water heated to the boiling point, which is 212 degrees of heat by the thermometer, and allowed to remain there for from three to five minutes, then taken out and broken open, the contents of the shell will be partially hardened (coagulated). Everybody knows what a good breakfast is therein. If this same egg had been placed in the same boiler, without water, but with fresh air, and the heat kept at 103 degrees all the time for twenty-one days, a live chicken would have broken the shell by its own force, and would very soon have asked for a breakfast for itself. Or, if the egg had remained under the hen that laid it for twenty-one days, the heat of the body (she would have been feverish while sitting on it) would have changed the clear, stringy fluid and the yellow yolk into a chicken. The hen that lays the egg is the mother of the chicken; the hen that hatches it is the nurse.

This wonderful change from the 'white' and 'yolk' of an egg into a live chicken with blood, bones, flesh, feathers, sight, hearing, and a voice piping loudly for something to eat, is brought about by a regular heat lasting through a certain number of days. If the egg gets too hot or too cold, or does not get moisture enough from the air, the making of the chicken inside of the egg will be stopped. The egg will be spoiled. A spoiled egg is unfriendly.

An egg is much like a seed, only that it is made of animal matter instead of vegetable matter, because it is intended to produce, or grow into, an animal.

An egg is made up of several parts. The shell is composed of lime. Through this, air and water, in the shape of moisture, can pass in slowly. Directly inside of the shell is a thin, tough skin (membrane). This prevents the moisture in the egg from getting out through the lime shell. If there was nothing but the shell, the egg would dry up.

The white of an egg, as it is called, is a substance called albumen. It surrounds the yellow yolk, which is also largely albumen. On the outside of the yolk, fastened to it, you will often notice a white jelly-like speck. This contains the germ. The germ is so small that it cannot be seen without the aid of a powerful microscope. Until the hen sits upon the egg, or it is placed in an incubator to hatch, the white and yolk protect the germ—keep it floating so that it will not be jarred or fastened to the shell, or be injured in any way. The air space at the large end of the egg acts as an air cushion. An egg without a live germ in it will not hatch. There would be nothing from which the chicken could grow. Neither will a seed grow if the germ is destroyed.

Albumen forms part of all blood, the juices of flesh, the clear part of eyes. It also forms part of all seeds and plants. There is very little difference between animal and vegetable albumen.

The albumen from eggs is used to give the gloss to photographs, and largely in the printing of the colors and figures on calicoes. It clears coffee by getting thick (coagulating) in the hot water, sinking, and carrying down the fine particles of coffee (grounds) with it. In cakes —you know how it is used in cakes.

A sitting hen seems to us to be a disagreeable and cold crosspatch. However much she snarls and pecks, she is but doing her whole duty. She is protecting her nest and the, to her, precious eggs in it. She has her rights and sticks up for them. After a hen has been sitting on a nest of good eggs for five days, if

you hold one of the eggs up to a bright light (keeping light from shining around it), by looking through it, you will see a tiny speck with a hammer-shaped head and a short, thin tail. If you had a proper arrangement for magnifying it, you would see that there was life in it.

By the tenth day veins full of blood can be seen running and branching through the white of the egg. In darker places the head and parts of the body will be taking shape. Each day will show a change. The air space at the large end of the egg grows larger. By the eighteenth day the chick is nearly finished. Between the twenty-first and twenty-third day the chick breaks a small hole in the shell. This is called 'pipping.' The egg is said to be 'pipped.' Through this hole, which is at the chick's beak, it breathes. After practising for a while, it kicks and struggles until it breaks the shell into two halves, around its middle. Then it rolls out—a weak, jerky, wet chick. Very soon it dries, pokes its head out from under the hen's feathers, and takes its first look at the world. The old hen talks to it,—hen talk,—and no doubt tells it about breakfast to be had—after a while, and a much larger world, with worms, for it to look at when she takes it off the nest.

Think of it! In twenty-one days what would have made good cake, or pudding, or omelette, turns into a pretty, active, live chicken, with ideas of its own; and heat brings about this wonderful change.

The egg which hatches never makes a mistake. If it is a hen's egg, a chicken comes forth; if a humming bird's, a humming bird is hatched from it; if an ostrich's, an eagle's, a duck's, it produces young after its kind. Even the shape and color of the feathers are imitated.

A humming bird's egg is not much larger than a filbert. An ostrich egg holds three pints. The eggs of a shad are the size of a pin head. The eggs of turtles and snakes are covered with a tough skin. They do not have a hard shell. The sun's heat hatches them. I often find turtle and snake eggs in my potato patch, when the ground is soft, and the rows stand where the sun has a good chance at them. When the young are hatched, they hide under stones and roots until they get used to things.

Collections of bird's eggs for study are pleasant and instructive. Taking birds' eggs for fun is not funny at all when we come to think about it. Every egg taken kills a bird. Is killing fun?

Mother's Teaching.

Won't you take a little wine
No, I must refuse it;
Mother says the safest way
Is to never use it.

For I would not grow to love
Anything so risky;
Oft a little wine in youth
Leads to rum and whiskey.

Those we see so drunken now
Once had a beginning;
'Twas the wine-cup led them on,
On, and kept them sinning.

—Exchange.

Mrs. Brahma's Concert.

(By Arthur North, in 'The Presbyterian Banner.')

Two little chickens, little downy fluffy chickens, strayed from the Mother Hen's side, and because they had not learned to take care of themselves, they stumbled into a big puddle of water and were nearly drowned before they remembered how to get out.

Mrs. Brahma saw them run, dripping and chilled, to the shelter of their mother's wing, and was fired with zeal. She had long been desiring an excuse to do something good and kind, and unusual, so every one could see how lovely and clever she was and now she thought she saw a fine opportunity for just such a display. Immediately she ran to the big Leghorn Rooster.

'Oh, dear!' she squawked, with a coquettish flutter of her feathers; 'did you hear how Mrs. Black's two little children fell into the water, and were almost drowned? They were suffering very much from the exposure, and don't you think it would be very nice to give a concert for their benefit?'

'Why I don't know. Were they very wet?'

'They fell in the water. How could they be dry?'

'Oh, well.'

'Thank you: thank you, I'll put you down as one of the patron's of my concert.'

'Oh!' he began, but she scurried away without waiting for more.

'Let's see,' she said, as she went along. 'Who are the most important fowls. Oh, there's Mr. Turkey Gobbler.'

'Oh, Mr. Turkey Gobbler, Mrs. Black's little children fell in the water and are suffering very much from the effects of it. Don't you think it would be nice to have a concert for their benefit?'

'A concert at all times is delightful,' he said, politely, 'but—'

'Oh, I'm so glad you think so. I'll just put you down for one of my patrons. Mr. Leghorn is another. Excuse me, I'm in a great hurry and must see Mrs. Minorca over there.'

'Oh, Mrs. Minorca, such a sad thing happened! Did you hear about it? No, that's strange. Why Mrs. Black's children fell in the water, and are suffering very much, and there's going to be a concert for their benefit.'

'You don't say!'

'Yes, and won't you be one of the patrons? No, what is the lady for patron? You know what I mean.'

'Oh,' answered Mrs. Minorca, laughing; 'I'll be it!'

So Mrs. Brahma bustled about the barn yard until she felt she had aroused the interest of every one. Then she begged the big Leghorn Rooster to crow loud and long and announce that there was to be a concert that afternoon behind the cow stable for the benefit of the children of Mrs. Black who fell in the water. The Leghorn crowed loud and long and every one stopped to listen. That was the first that Mrs. Black had heard of it. 'I didn't fall in the water!' she exclaimed, angrily. 'I never fall in the water.'

'Oh, Mrs. Black,' said Mrs. Brahma, rushing up to her; 'isn't it lovely? A concert for your poor little children who fell in the water and got so wet. Don't you think it was nice of all the fowls to think of it, and they are all so interested.'

(To be continued.)

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

LESSON XII.—SEPT. 17.

Daniel in Babylon.

Daniel i., 8-20.

Golden Text.

Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself. Dan. i., 8.

Commit verses 16, 17.

Home Readings.

Monday, Sept. 11.—Dan. i., 1-10.

Tuesday, Sept. 12.—Dan. i., 11-20.

Wednesday, Sept. 13.—Ezek. xiv., 12-21.

Thursday, Sept. 14.—Ezek. xxviii., 1-10.

Friday, Sept. 15.—Dan. ii., 1-18.

Saturday, Sept. 16.—Dan. ii., 19-35.

Sunday, Sept. 17.—Dan. ii., 36-49.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The antiquity, magnitude, splendor, and the wealth of Babylon surpassed belief. Founded two millenniums before the Christian era, it covered ten times the area of the largest city of modern times. The fascinating loveliness of the metropolis diverted Alexander's attention from the incalculable treasures of the royal coffers. Though its ruins have been the quarry out of which a score of cities have been built, they still rise in vast mounds upon the plain.

Yet, when Babylon was shining in meridian splendor, one thing eclipsed it in the eye of God and angel, if not of man, and that, too, the most unlikely thing the city contained—the character of a young Hebrew captive. Daniel was greater than the city in which he lived. The city is dead. The man lives. The character of Daniel has been the noble model on which tens of thousands of young men have fashioned their lives.

He made the most out of his situation. He might have said, 'I'm the puppet of a despotic ruler; might as well submit to the inevitable. I'm deprived of personality and influence. It makes no difference how I live or what I do.' Instead of that, with courteous and winning manner, but without sacrifice of principle, he adjusted himself to his surroundings without giving offense, and achieved success through the very conditions which seemed to make it impossible.

He had fixed religious principles. He knew what he believed, and why. He was rooted and grounded. Religion was not a matter of geographical location with him. He felt its sacred obligations as strongly in Babylon as he ever did in Jerusalem. No doubt they had a proverb in his day which corresponded to our modern maxim, 'When in Rome, do as Romans do.' But he scorned the adage.

He was incorruptible. Babylon is the New Testament type of profligacy. In the midst of a self-indulgent and effeminate court and populace; among strangers, five hundred miles from the restraints of home and Church and acquaintances, with the subtle, undermining influence of general degeneracy, beset by the world, the flesh and the devil, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, 'Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself.'

Jesus' words are strikingly exemplified, 'Seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all else shall be added.' Daniel stepped at once to the commanding position of prime minister of the proudest monarchy on earth and retained it half a century. He was able to befriend with patriotic services his unfortunate fellow-countrymen in their exile. He exalted the name and nature and worship of the true God in a heathen court and country. He left at once an inspiration and a pattern for young men of every age.

ANALYSIS AND KEY.

I. Splendor, magnitude, and wealth of Babylon.
Fascinated its conqueror.
Ruins a quarry for ages.
II. Babylon surpassed by most unlikely thing it contained; viz., the character of a young Hebrew captive.
III. Daniel superior to his environment.
His principles fixed.
Incorruptible.
IV. Reward: Prime minister of the nation to which he was captive.
V. Permanent model of the young man.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

Temptations of young men to-day not severer than those of Daniel. No possible environment worse than his. Consequent encouragement of his example.

Total abstinence as a principle physiologically as well as morally correct.

Temperance includes: (1) Moderation in eating. 'Leaden stomachs made leaden brains.' (2) Abstinence from narcotics.

Any apparent success achieved by those who are not abstemious, achieved in spite of, not because of, their habits.

The spirit of man for the present, at least, necessarily roots itself in the material. There is supreme danger that the material basis of life shall be unduly prized—that it shall overslaugh the spirit. This is a direct reversal of the Divine order. The Spirit is to be in the saddle. It is to dominate. Everything is to be subordinate to it. This is the essence of temperance.

The gains of moderation are beauty, strength, health, mental power, influence, position, and long life. The story of Daniel admirably illustrates this.

Intention is the corner-stone of character. Daniel intended not to defile himself. His evil environment afforded test for the strength of his intention.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Sept. 17.—Topic—The great surrender. Acts ix., 1-22; Rom. vi., 16-23.

A strange question was once put to the editor of a metropolitan newspaper. It was this, 'If before your birth you could have chosen to have been any character of history, whom would you have indicated as your own choice?' His unhesitating answer was 'St. Paul!' He afterwards reared an appropriate memorial of his admiration in a seminary for young native Christian ministers, in Tarsus in Cilicia. The world approves the judgment. Obedience to the celestial vision was the beginning of Paul's greatness. His immediate and complete surrender to an opposite calling when convinced that calling was Divine was the first stone under the snowy and strong shaft which loses its apex in the sky and has been inspiration of every subsequent age. The stricken persecutor cried, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me do?' Finding what was required he did it at all hazard and cost. His pains were great, but his gains were greater yet.

Junior C. E. Topic.

CHILD LIFE IN JAPAN.

Monday, Sept. 11.—Children are God's gift. Ps. cxxvii., 3.

Tuesday, Sept. 12.—Children can praise God. Matt. xxi., 15, 16.

Wednesday, Sept. 13.—Children enter God's kingdom. Mark x., 13-16.

Thursday, Sept. 14.—Children must be trained aright. Prov. xxii., 6.

Friday, Sept. 15.—God's promise is for the children. Acts ii., 29.

Saturday, Sept. 16.—'Even a child.' Prov. xx., 11.

Sunday, Sept. 17.—Topic—Child life in Japan. Matt. xix., 14. (Missionary meeting.)

Your Own Paper Free.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers may have their own subscriptions extended one year, free of charge, by remitting eighty cents for two new subscriptions.

Winning Souls.

(Edward A. Rand, in 'Teacher's Monthly.')

It is a matter of great importance—the winning of souls to an open confession of Christ as their Saviour.

There are four roadways. One is the making of a general atmosphere of welcome. The superintendent in his appeals, and a teacher in any general instruction to the class, can make such an atmosphere.

I can remember in my experience as a scholar what an impression a woman made on me who came into a class as our teacher. I felt that she wanted us to be decided for Christ. Whatever she might teach, whatever might be the subject of the lesson, she wanted us boys to be the open disciples of Christ.

I think this is a matter of special importance. Whatever treatment a tree in the spring may demand, there must be all about its very branches that atmosphere of solicitation from the sunshine and the rain, till the tree, in the time of blossoms, shall be covered with robes like the snow. In the garden of the Lord, there must be this spring atmosphere around the soul that shall bring it out into the beauty of blossoming for Christ. But the tree will demand special treatment. Here comes in another means to an end, or, to go back to the first figure I used, a roadway to a result. The teacher of that class in the days of my boyhood not only made us feel in general that she did not hesitate to make a personal application of the subject. It is this direct, personal dealing with souls that is most helpful. It is something that, as an agency, as a method, cannot be dispensed with. The tree may be surrounded by the warmth of the spring sunshine. It may feel the solicitations of the soft spring showers. The old gardener knows, though, if he would have the greatest success, there are certain things to be done to that tree, and he must do them. Very severe pruning may be needed, and he must handle the pruning-knife.

I go into a Sunday-school class, I watch the teacher and the scholars. I hear the teacher's general instruction. I say, 'That teacher makes every scholar feel that an open and prompt acknowledgment of Christ as Saviour should be made.'

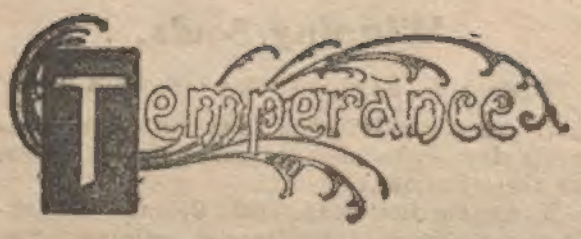
I watch the teacher at the close of school. A boy or a girl has been asked to stop, and then I know, as I catch a little of the conversation, between the teacher and the scholar, that the teacher is making that all-important personal address upon the great subject of a soul's need.

This is another roadway to the success desired in spiritual culture. May I mention a third? That is to patiently follow up this effort and to patiently wait for results. That helps to make another influence that the scholar feels; and that is, that the teacher is not only working for those spiritual results, but expects to see them. A boy seemingly careless and indifferent knows that this teacher is all the time praying for him, and expects that the prayer will be answered.

But there is something else to be specified. There is still another road to be followed. I am very much interested in that word 'winning.' It is the gentle, persuasive, tireless solicitations of love. It is not the urgency of duty stated in severe terms. It is the beckoning hand of love, and sooner or later a scholar in a class that is surrounded by this general atmosphere of welcome, that is met by a personal invitation, ever accompanied by the teacher's expectant, loving spirit, will become an open and decided disciple of Christ. In the beautiful garments of consecration, the soul shall stand before its Lord and receive approval.

First Essential for a Teacher.

Some day make a tour of twenty schoolrooms, in each of which fifty children are ruled by one woman, and tell me in how many of them you find charm enthroned. If I must choose for my primary school teacher between high scholarship and a sympathetic heart and personal charm, I shall make a decision which will be disappointing to a board of examiners. If our schools are to do their work for little children, first of all the teacher must be loved. After that it is all the better if she be highly educated.—Heloise E. Hersey, in 'To Girls.'



A Temperance Hymn.

Lord of life and light and glory,
Throned in splendour, power and love,
Hear our prayers, and let Thy mercy
Fall upon us from above.
We are sinful, Thou art holy,
We are feeble, Thou art strong;
Yet we pray that Thou would'st listen
To our humble Temp'rance song.

Homes are sad, and hearts are breaking,
Lives are filled with awful woe;
All because of drinking customs,
Which have laid so many low.
And we wish to save the people
From the drink-curse, which destroys
Not alone the men and women,
But the happy girls and boys.

God of heaven, we seek Thy blessing,
Help us in the work we do;
Make us staunch, persistent, zealous,
Keep us ever brave and true.
Stand beside us as we labor,
Be our strong, abiding Friend;
And, rejoicing in Thy presence,
We will serve Thee to the end.
—Beresford Adams, in 'Alliance News.'

The Model (?) Public-house and its Results.

The 'Daily News' recently gave publicity to the following sad incident: A clergyman of the Church of England was addressing a company of more or less unfortunate men in a shelter. He told them that the public-house was not in itself to blame, but that they—the people who resorted thither—ought to know how to use the tavern wisely. The curate was accosted, at the conclusion of his address, by a tramp, who bluntly exclaimed, 'All that you tell us is a lie. The cleric, who was young, resented this language, and asked who his critic considered himself to be. 'I am a clergyman of the Church of England,' replied the tramp, 'who, one year ago, was placed in charge of a Model Public-House. My duties made me what you find me.' Here is another proof that the evil of the drink traffic lies in the deceptive and dangerous nature of alcoholic liquors, and that the more respectable the place where they are sold the greater is the danger to the community.—The Temperance Vanguard.'

The Minister's Advice.

(Carrol King, in the 'Temperance Leader and League Journal.')

(Concluded.)

'Sinclair, let us have some straight talk and some earnest prayer about this,' said the minister resolutely. 'You are too sensible a man to be led blindfold into evil, and I hope you are too true a Christian to go into it ignoring the evil, or thinking you can turn it into good. That you will never do.' He paused, but the man made no reply. 'We, who have openly given ourselves to God's service by joining the Church of Christ, must be honest with ourselves, and before him,' pursued the minister earnestly. 'You have promised him to try to bring up your children for him, and I am sure that when you meet Christ face to face you will be glad if you can say, as the dying soldier at Tel-el-Kebir said with his last breath to Wolseley—"General, didn't I lead them straight?" You can "not" lead them straight to him by the slippery, crooked paths of prosperity based on the sale of drink.'

Again he paused, but still Sinclair was silent.

'If you will be perfectly honest with yourself, as before him who reads our hearts,' went on Mr. Maitland, 'you will find that this half-formed purpose of yours has been causing a gradual coldness to steal over your service to him. You are no more busy than you were when you attended the prayer meeting regularly, and loved the fellowship of warm-hearted Christians there. You have been listening to false counsellors, who have persuaded you that "getting on" means making money and outward position, and you have neglected him who is the "Wonderful, and the Counsellor." Come now, Sinclair, confession is good for the soul, so ——.'

'——sh! There's the wife coming in,' said Sinclair anxiously, hearing a key in the door. 'I haven't said anything to her yet about the "Morley Arms," and ——' He stopped short, for his good little wife entered briskly, with a flush on her cheeks and a sparkle of excitement in her eyes. She greeted the minister with evident surprise, and then turned to her husband. 'What's this that Tib McLellan tells me aboot your puttin' in for the "Morley Arms,"' she asked sternly. 'A boonier like story to be gaun' the roonds aboot the like of us.'

'What did you tell her about it?' asked the minister, with a twinkling eye.

'Ow, nae fear, I gave her an answer,' she said, with a decisive nod. 'I asked her if she thocht my man was one o' the sham Christians that would sell whiskey at one counter and Bible at another like the deacon Maister Maitland tell't us aboot in the kirk. An' when she persisted in the lee, I tell't her that I would give Davie timeous notice that he must get anither housekeeper for the drink-house, for not a foot would my bairns nor me ever set in it! So, There!'

Both men burst out laughing, but Sinclair looked, and probably felt, a trifle foolish. He had expected to talk quietly over the advantages of the move to his energetic little wife, not calculating on the rumor reaching her from an outside source. The minister rose to go.

'I am glad—thankful, indeed,—that you feel like this about it,' he said cordially, to Mrs. Sinclair. 'I came down purposely, because I had heard that same rumor, to advise him, as strongly as I knew how, to think better of it. I am truly glad to have so able a coadjutor in you. No money can compensate for loss of character and will-power—loss of soul, just as our Master plainly puts it. Do you remember Jessie Raeburn? She told me she knew you both from your school-days. Well, she applied to me yesterday to assist her in trying to get parochial help for her four children, and the cleaning of some offices for herself. Her husband took a beautiful hotel, she says, in Jedburgh. He learned to take a heavy dram, and I could see that she had learned it, too, poor creature! She confessed, with bitter tears, that she had been drinking, and was confused and unable to help or think when her beautiful little boy was scalded so badly, and died shortly after. She confessed that her husband had been drinking heavily when he lay down and slept at the roadside, and took that chill that resulted in pneumonia and early death. Oh, my friends! we have enrolled our names in the King's book to help him to overthrow this deadly curse of drink, and how can we look him in the face if we palter and parley with vice under the form of industry? Sinclair, I heard your beautiful little David rehearsing the grand advice of Polonius to his son, and you listened with delight as well as I to his spirited rendering of—"Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, bear it that the opposer may beware of thee!" You are in this quarrel against drink and all appertaining to it; bear yourself so that all friends of drink and mammon may beware of you. Ah, how I wish that all church members of every sect in our land recognized the responsibility they are taking on themselves when they join his people and publicly announce themselves as on His side. Shall we pray about this?' he asked, looking at both in turn.

'With all my heart, sir,' said Mrs. Sinclair reverently, and they knelt around the table, as supplicants for the Counsellor's decision on this purpose. Sinclair had been inclined to sullenness at being taken to task so severely both by the minister and by his own wife; but when he heard the fervent pleading of the servant of Christ, that 'we might be kept as loyal to our Master as he was loyal—unto death—for us,' the mists rolled away, that his mind had been groping in, and things eternal took on their true proportions once more beside the things of time. When they rose from their knees his eyes were moist. He held the pastor's hand in a hard grip, and spoke broken words of true gratitude and repentance. 'I've got back, sir,' he said—'back to the foot of the cross—changed in spirit—maybe I'll soon get back the joy of his salvation.'

One of the finest orchards in Gattanside is David's Sinclair's. His strawberries are famed 'over the Border'—his apples, apricots, pears, and home-grown tomatoes, are eagerly sought for in the fruit markets. His boys and his wife help gladly in all his work, and know that he whom they acknowledge in all their ways is directing their paths.

Temperance Reasons That Convinced Dean Farrar.

My reasons for taking the pledge (says the Very Rev. Dean Farrar) were partly general and partly special.

First.—I became convinced that the use of alcohol in any form was not a necessity.

Second,—I was struck by the indisputable fact that in England 20,000 inhabitants of our prisons, accustomed to strong drink all their lives, and the majority of them brought into prison directly or indirectly by it, could be, and were, from the moment of their imprisonment, absolutely deprived of it, not only without loss, but with entire gain, to their personal health.

Third.—I derived from the recorded testimony of our most eminent physicians that the use of alcohol is a subtle and manifold source of disease, even to thousands who use it in quantities conventionally deemed moderate.

Fourth.—Then the carefully-drawn statistics of many insurance societies convinced me that total abstinence, so far from shortening life, distinctly and indisputably conduced to longevity.

Fifth.—Then I accumulated proof that drink in so far from being requisite to our physical strength or intellectual force that many of our greater athletes, from the days of Samson onward, have achieved without alcohol mightier feats than have ever been achieved with it. —'League Journal.'

Use of Alcohol in Medicine Condemned by New York Physicians.

During the prohibition meetings held last month in New York, the members of the American Medical Temperance Association met in convention. Members of this association are pledged to personal total abstinence, but are not restrained from the use of alcoholic stimulants in their practice, although its use is opposed by a large majority of the members. Dr. T. D. Crothers of Hartford, Conn., who presided, said physicians had outgrown the theory that a habit was good because every one had it. He said it was an exploded theory that a teaspoonful of alcohol would produce a gallon of energy.

Dr. D. A. Elsworth said he had not used alcohol in any form in his practice for fifteen years, and had been able to obtain better results, particularly in cases of typhoid fever.

Dr. Shepherd of Brooklyn said that alcohol passed through the human system without undergoing any change. Its action was to paralyze the nerve centres. One grain of wheat contained more nutrition than a gallon of wine. The administration of stimulants to children was particularly disastrous, he said, because the tissues of a child were easily destroyed by it.

Dr. A. M. Lesser, surgeon at the New York Red Cross Hospital, declared that it was the duty of physicians and preachers to eradicate alcohol from general medical practice. Since the opening of the Red Cross Hospital in 1892, he said, over a thousand cases had been treated without the use of alcohol, and the mortality rate had been only one percent.

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send three new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at forty cents each for one year, and receive a nice Bagster Bible, bound in black pebbled cloth with red edges, suitable for Sabbath or Day School. Postage extra for Montreal and suburbs or foreign countries, except United States and its dependencies; also Great Britain and Ireland, Transvaal, Bermuda, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, and Zanzibar. No extra charge for postage in the countries named.

Correspondence

R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—R. is in Kent County. We live just five miles from Lake Erie, and in summer we go to the lake and take our tea with us, and we go in bathing and have a good time on the beach, and drive home just at dark.

WINIFRED BRONLIE (age 10).

B., Nfld.

Dear Editor,—I expect to take a trip with papa in his schooner. I was up with papa one year, and I saw the quarries where stones were cut. Almost all the other boys that write to the 'Messenger' have horses for pets, but we haven't any down here. We have large teams of dogs. I have one cat, named Nancy. My brother has a dog named Don. I have two brothers and one little sister, and her name is Elsie Virginia. Well, I must close with best wishes for all readers.

NEWMAN H.

St. G., Que.

Dear Editor,—I live near the Beaurivage river. It is a very winding river, and when you ride a long way and think you have left it behind, there it appears again. St. G. is a level part of the county, and there are some swamps in it. We have a telephone connection with other counties. I have three sisters and one little brother, who is three years old. We have a schoolroom in our house, and Miss W. is our teacher.

J. ARCHIE LEFEBVRE (age 10).

Lawrence, Kansas.

Dear Editor,—It has been a long time since I have written to the 'Messenger.' I think that it is about the nicest paper I ever read. I will be very glad when school commences. We are building a new brick schoolhouse. Our old schoolhouse was a frame house. My sister is a school teacher. She teaches southwest of our place. It has been raining here for two days, and there was a good bit of water in places. Then after it stopped raining my dog Bruce and I would wade in the water. There is a creek west of our house, and I go nearly every week and catch crawfish and minnows, and then I take them home and keep them in our watering tank. I have almost every kind of pretty flowers around our house. We live in the Kansas River Valley, back by the bluffs. The hills are all covered with timber next to the valley. There was a good deal of wheat raised in the bottom this year. So when the people threshed, I would go and carry water to the men in the fields. We had Sunday-school at our old schoolhouse, but now we are building a new schoolhouse, and we cannot have Sunday-school now.

J. WINFRED TAYLOR.

F. R., North Dakota.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I hope that my letter will miss the waste-basket. My sister has taken the 'Messenger' for two years. I like it very much indeed. I have a little pet kitten whose name is Macks. I have eight brothers and three sisters. I am in the fourth reader, and am twelve years of age. I am staying with one of my sisters now, out in the country. We are living on a farm of 640 acres. There are nine horses, six cows and seven calves on this farm. I like little turkeys, ducks and geese very much.

MAUD E. KELLY.

L. H., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' for a long time, and I like to read the first page. I have been sick with diphtheria. My arm has been paralyzed with it, so you will have to excuse writing. To-day is cold and foggy. I had a big black Newfoundland dog, but I have lost him. He would haul me all around. I have hens; I had a good rooster, but he died. I could have sold him for three dollars if he had lived.

FRANK TRUEMAN.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Brantford is a pretty little place in summer. We have a central school, Darling Street school, high school, hospital, Blind Institute, Y.W.C.A. building, a public library, jail, and also a court house. Mother and father and my brother have been to Montreal, and they think it is a very nice place. Mother said if she went again she would take me with her, and I will come and see you. I have taken the 'Messenger' over a year, and I like it very much. My favorite books are the Elsie books.

DOCHIE P.

N. E. P., N.S.

Dear Editor,—As you asked the correspondents to tell what they had been doing last summer, I thought I would tell you what I have been doing. I attended two picnics a short distance from where I live. We had to go on a small steamboat called the 'Yuba. There was a large crowd. One of my cousins and an aunt visited us from the United States this summer. I have never been to the United States, although I have lots of cousins and aunts and one uncle living there. We had a very stormy winter—lots of ice and snow. One of my brothers goes to the United States every summer to work, and the other keeps store. My sister had a Swedish lady visiting her this summer, her husband's sister. I like warm weather best, as I cannot skate and enjoy the winter sports. We have quite a lot of cleared land, and also a lot of woodland on our place. My father and brother are cutting wood in the woods, and hauling it out now. Quite a few blueberries, blackberries and raspberies grow on this island in the summer.

JOSEPHINE CUNNINGHAM.

C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—This is my second letter to the 'Messenger.' My sister takes the 'Messenger,' and I like it very much. Some girls say the parts they like best, but I don't know which I like best. As it is vacation now, I have lots of fun playing and picking berries. I like picking berries, if it is not too hot. My sister and I go to school. There is a lot of lovely drawings in the paper. Some boys and girls must be lovely drawers. I am not very good at it myself. The farmers are at their haying here. It is raining quite a lot this summer. I am interested in the 'Cot Fund,' and will try to help you a little. I like going to school. My teacher's name is Miss C. I like her very well, and think she is a very good teacher. I have read a lot of books: 'The Lieutenant's Daughter,' 'Christmas with Grandma Elsie,' and others.

E. P.

B. L., Ont.

Dear Eidtor,—There is a pretty little lake above five minutes' walk from our place. We have lots of fun in the summer time. Some of my school-mates come and call for me to go in bathing. There are only two cottages around the lake. I have a mile and a half to school, so I don't get there very often in the winter.

FLORENCE.

Y., Muskoka.

Dear Editor,—I am going to send ten cents to the 'Messenger' Cot. I like reading books. I have read six of the Elsie books. I have also read: 'Margaret Ford,' 'The Adventures of a Brownie,' 'What Katy Done at Home and at School,' 'The King of the Golden River,' 'The Flower of a Family.' I like the Elsie books the best. My papa is working at the hay. We have one horse and two colts. Their names are Murphy, Jess and Ben. I am enjoying my holidays playing in the fields and in the barn with my little brother Horace. I am a member of the Maple Leaf Club, and I have my button yet. I will be ten years old on Sept. 26.

ELSIE CAMPBELL.

P. A., Sask.

Dear Editor,—I received the Bagster Bible on July 18. It is very nice, and I like it very much. My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and we all like it.

ALMA MERIFIELD.

U., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Since I have seen others boys' and girls' letters in the 'Messenger,' I thought I would like to write one, too. I have three pets, a dog and a cat, and a pony named Bijo. Our house is connected with the Sovereign Bank. The post-office is next door. There is a pond near the village, and there are fish in it. I am ten years old, and my sister is thirteen. We go in swimming together. We expect to go to Toronto soon for a week to my auntie's and grandpa, who is nearly eighty years old. Boys and girls, if you want to go anywhere to get a good outing, get your father or mother to take you to Lake Simcoe. It is just lovely.

IDA CLEMONDS.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Steamer St. Croix.' Fred M. (10), Q.,N.B.
2. 'Cows.' Jessie B. McNaren, B., P.E.I.
3. 'Wild Donkey.' Maggie Lett, D., Que.
4. 'Dolly.' Mary E. Shane, R., Assa.
5. 'Yacht.' Willie Praskey (8), F., Ont.
6. 'Engine.' Willie A. Sutherland, T., Ont.
7. 'Doggie and the Frog.' Tena A. Salmond, (15), B., P.E.I.

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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

LABRADOR COT FUND.

Geo. Bell, Radnor Forges, $2; J. M., $1.50; J. Samson, Windsor Mills, $1; A Friend from New Brunswick, $1; Miss M. S. Pearson, Moulinette, 50c; N. J. Gordon, Protectionville, 25c; Mrs. A. D. Carkner, Ormond, 10c; total, $6.45.

HOUSEHOLD.

Economy and Thrift.

We think it is true that nine out of ten young married couples pay far too little attention to economy and almost none at all to thrifty savings for many years, unconsciously perhaps feeling that salaries or incomes will materially increase, and there is no need of economy. Too many start out with such ideas and find to their surprise that they are soon living beyond their means. Possibly a few words on this subject may set some of the recently married to thinking and to save them from some embarrassment if not from some trouble. The wheel of fortune turns so often, and there are so many emergencies in life, so many unexpected needs for extra money, that carefulness and thrift when everything is prosperous will bring gratitude and satisfaction later on, when unforeseen needs appear.

The experiences of those who are fifty, sixty and seventy years old, who in their early married lives did not save as they might, were untaught in the matter of thrift, and had little idea of economy, who when along in years find their incomes small and live to regret their want of thrift and economy, should be an example and a stimulus to younger married people.

George Eliot once wrote to a friend, 'Yes, I certainly care a great deal for the money, as I suppose all anxious minds do that love independennce.' How few there are who do not love independence, and love it more and more the older they grow. In the words of a very practical old man, all will find that as years advance a dollar is a 'mighty good friend.'

If our young married friends, even those whose incomes are considerable, would occasionally bring before them the pictures of happy, comfortable, well-to-do old people, who after years of service for their families and others can enjoy their old age in independence and ease, and then contrast this with the picture of other old people, or of aged widows who have no homes of their own, who if not 'in corners thrown,' have 'cozy corners' allotted to them and have become dependent, they will surely strive in every way while enjoying the comforts of life and the pleasures of home and friends, to practice with 'dignified cheerfulness' that economy and thrift which while requiring some sacrifices now will bring them great comfort bye and bye.—'Standard.'

For the Lover of Dark Cake.

(Miss Laura E. Hutchinson, in the New York 'Observer.')

'In spite of its name, I think "Devil's Food" heads the list of cakes,' remarked the guest as she took a piece of the chocolate-colored layers set off by the snow-white icing between them.

'I quite agree with you,' replied the hostess, 'as it is my favorite cake, also, and in fact I prefer any kind of dark cake to the delicate ones. For that reason I am always on the lookout for recipes along that line, and I have gathered some that I like very much.'

'I wonder if I might ask the privilege of copying them,' said the guest, in rather a hesitating tone. 'I have few in that line, and I am sure they must be worth having if they are all as delicious as this one is.'

'You are entirely welcome to them,' was the reply of the one who, as soon as the meal was over, produced her book, and the friend copied from it the following tested recipes:

Devil's Food, First Part.—One cup of brown sugar, one cup of grated chocolate, one-half cup of sweet milk. Cook these ingredients together until dissolved, but do not boil.

Second Part.—One cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of butter, scant, one-half cup of sweet milk, yolks of three eggs, and one teaspoonful of soda. Add the first part before stirring in two cups of flour. Bake in two or three layers and put together with thick boiled frosting.

Spanish Bun.—Two-thirds cup of butter, two cups of brown sugar, four eggs, saving whites of two for frosting, one cup of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, and one of cloves, one cup chopped raisins, two and three-fourths cups flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake in dripping pan. Half of this will make a good sized loaf.

For the frosting boil together two cups of brown sugar and two tablespoonfuls of water until it spins a thread, then beat it into the well-beaten whites of two eggs. Place in the oven till a delicate brown.

Spice Cake.—One cup of brown sugar, one-half cup of molasses, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sour milk, two and one-half cups of flour, yolks four eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and one teaspoonful each of cloves, alspice and nutmeg. Bake in moderate oven.

Date Cake.—One cup of brown sugar, one tablespoonful of molasses, one-half cup of butter, one egg, one cup of sour milk, one cup chopped dates, two cups of flour, one tablespoonful of soda, one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon and one-fourth of cloves. Grate in half a nutmeg.

The Abuse of Shade.

For our hot summers, shade around the house seems to be an absolute necessity. It is well to remember, however, that, like most other good things, we may so use shade that it becomes absolutely harmful. It has often been observed that while a home is new and has little shade it is healthful, but after the house is buried under trees the family begins to suffer from various diseases, which when the trees were small and cast little shade they were entirely free from.

The explanation is this: When a house is buried in shade it becomes dark and damp. Darkness and dampness are both favorable for the growth of molds, mildews and disease germs. Sunlight dries the house and kills outright the germs of most of our formidable diseases. Rheumatism and consumption both thrive especially in dark and damp houses.

Shade should be around the house, not over it. Let there be open places all around the house, so that the sun may shine directly upon it. This will then keep it both dry and wholesome.

Another evil which comes with too many trees is the shutting off of the current of air so necessary when it is very hot. Heat is much more endurable with plenty of moving air than it is when there is no circulation whatever. Plant trees; plant them in abundance, but not too close to the house, and when then they become too dense cut them out.—G. G. Groff, in New York 'Tribune.'

Selected Recipes.

Cherry Dumplings.—Prepare a rich baking-powder biscuit dough as for shortcake; roll out half an inch thick and cut into squares. Place in the centre of each square of dough a tablespoonful of pitted cherries; fold the corner of it over, wetting the edges; press them together, folding from opposite corners. Place in the steamer with tight-fitting cover and steam one hour, or bake in the oven in a dripping-pan, surrounded by three-quarters of a cup of sugar and two cups of water, basting several times while baking, which will mean about twenty minutes in a hot oven. Serve with cherry sauce.

Snow Jelly.—Half a box of gelatine, half a pint of cold water, eight tablespoonfuls of boiling water, half a cup of sugar, the whites of two eggs, juice and grated peel of one lemon. Dissolve the gelatine in the boiling water. When cool, add the other ingredients, except the eggs. When the mixture stiffens, add the whites of egg beaten to a froth, and beat all together until light like new fallen snow. Make a custard with half a pint of milk and the yolks of the two eggs, a little sugar and grated lemon peel, and pour all around the snow jelly.—The 'Presbyterian Banner.'

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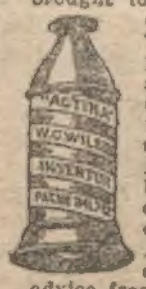

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